4

Michaelmas Term,

K 11630. b. 5 9

OR THE

BATTLE

OF THE

LOGGERHEADS.

Addreſs'd to all the LEARNED MEMBERS of *RUFUS-HALL*, and the Inns of C——t.

A BALLAD to the Tune of Dear Catholic Brother.

—— Behold oh! my Muſe the ſad Waſte of the Battle,
What ſtrange Diſcords ariſe from mere Tittle Tattle:
Ah! that making a Porter and medling a Wench,
Should thus ſet at LOGGERHEADS *Bench againſt Bench.*

Publiſh'd from a MS. found amongſt the Papers of a noble L——d lately deceas'd.

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MUSEUM BRITANNICUM

THE BATTLE OF THE LOGGERHEADS, &c.

To the Tune of Dear Catholick Brother.

I.

ON the very Laſt Day of laſt *Michaelmas* Term, ǂ
To the long Hall of Rubus the People did ſwarm
To ſee the fine *Rareeſhew* there, and Pert Knight
Dub'd a S—rg—t forſooth, and a B—r—n too Hight.
Fa la rol lol, &c.

II.

'Tis ſtrange the Great Man with the String 'round his Shoulders
Shou'd expoſe this poor Fellow thus to all Beholders,
If 'tis written we ſhan't call our Brother a Fool,
To make him *one* ſure is a Breach of that Rule.
Fa la, &c.

ǂ 1740

III.

Conſpicuous three times he has ſet up this Slubbard
To be laught at by all on the Top of the Cupboard;
Knight Simple, K—gs C—cell, and, oh! Heaven's, a J—,
Why ſure one would think he had ow'd him a Grudge.
Fa la, &c.

IV.

If thus with his Jokes he goes on worſe and worſe,
Who knows but DON TOM may get hold of the PURSE,
How then would he figure it out, brawl and ſplutter,
And behind the Mace ſtrut like a Crow in a Gutter.
Fa la, &c.

V.

Be not ſo Cenſorious, prithee Friend what doſt mean,
Coud'ſt thou ſee through a Milſtone thou'dſt ſee thro' this Scene;
Where's the wonder DON TOMMAS ſhould ſit 'mong the Sage,
Why ſure he's a Match for our good Mother P——.
Fa la, &c.

VI.

Woud'ſt thou know why the Knight is ſent up to that Quarter?
'Tis to ſcold and to brawl and to battle with C—
Oh! ho, cry you Mercy! and is it then ſo?
'Twas wiſely contriv'd to make Buſineſs there flow.
Fa la, &c.

VII.

But howe'er that may prove we ſhall yet in the C——t,
Hear, at leaſt what's far better, a great deal of Sport;
But to catch up the Thread and the End of my Tale,
My good L—d C—f J—ce ſo wan and ſo pale.
Fa la, &c.

VIII.

With a *Coif* as deliciouſly white as his Face,
The Emblem of Innocence, Juſtice, and Grace;
Full clear as his Heart, and his Conſcience within,
And as clean as his Fingers *without* ſhould have been.
Fa la, &c.

IX.

Crown'd the Knight on his Marrowbones in his Fool's geer,
Which moſt cleverly fitted him, Faith, to a Hair;
Of two different Colours the Garment was made,
An Emblem likewiſe of the good honeſt Trade.
Fa la, &c.

X.

If his Right-ſide was *brown* from the Top to the Toe,
His Left was ſtill *browner* quite down to his Shoe;
Denoting on one ſide o'th'cauſe our learn'd Brother,
I'n't ſo bound but that he may've a Feel on the other.
Fa la, &c.

XI.

Be the cauſe e'er ſo dark, to him 'tis no Matter,
For Fees he'll be ſilent, for Fees he will chatter;
On this Side or t'other, on both he is willing,
If you clap in his Hand but *a Pound and a Shilling.*
Fa la, &c.

XII.

Thus equipt crys a J——ge *I eſpy out a Brother*,
And ha! crys a Second there I eſpy another;
Then away they trudge unto old *Sixty Clerks* Lane
Where thouſands have wander'd for Juſtice in vain.
Fa la, &c.

XIII.

Whence however well cloathed a Man may get in,
He can never get out till he's ſtript to the Skin;
At FOOLS-CAP-INN-HALL ſat the TWELVE in a row,
Good Lord *L*—— at the Head, and DON TOMMAS below.
Fa la, &c.

XIV.

Whilſt the Hall with good Feaſting and Cheer did abound,
And our new Brother's Health went oft cheerfully round;
For 'tis meet that the Founder and Squire of the Feaſt,
Should have his Health drank two or three Times at leaſt.
Fa la, &c.

XV.

Some wiſh'd him much Joy and better Days than he ſaw,
And others more properly ——— a little more Law;
The firſt wiſh'd aſcended to Heaven's high Coaſt,
But in TERCAR's Tobacco-Smoak t'other was loſt.
Fa la, &c.

XVI.

Sheer Wit pop'd about like the firing of Guns,
Tho' ſome ſay 'twas only a few cracking Puns;
But however that be, Bedlam * ATE got down
And was ſeen firſt to perch upon *Crookſhank's* wife Crown.
Fa la, &c.

XVII.

Then quick on the Shoulders of LONGSHANKS ſhe fixt,
And t' inſpire them with Diſcord ſhe ſet them a Text;
A Debate then aroſe (to make my Tale ſhorter)
About putting in a FIT Man for a Porter.
Fa la, &c.

XVIII.

Quo LONGSHANKS, who is always moſt ready at Speech,
(At the ſame Time moſt gravely riſing up from his Breech)
" With humble Submiſſion to my very good Lord,
" Who ſits now at our Head and there ſpeaks not a Word.
Fa la, &c.

XIX.

* The Goddeſs of Diſcord.

XIX.

" Whose great Office, you know, was for me first design'd,
" 'Till S. C. H-RD-K, G-d D-n him, cramm'd it down on his Mind.
" The right of this Matter is therefore my own,
" To appoint you a Man for the Staff and the Gown.
Fa la, &c.

XX.

Then CROOKSHANKS, indignant, rose and put in his claim,
" Bear not I, like thyself, a learn'd Cheif's mighty Name;
" Wherefore then, as the Cheif of us Cheifs does decline,
" I insist on my Right, sure 'tis equal to thine.
Fa la, &c.

XXI.

" Since in aiming at Places a Merit there be,
" I aim'd at my Lord's-Place and miss'd it like thee;
" Say why to thy Zanys would'st ingross thus the Door,
" But who lets *in* the Light may let *out* a Whore.
Fa la, &c.

XXII.

The Porter thou'dst name, we know all, has a Wife;
And a pretty one too, *if true be my Brief*:
Most deservedly he, who at once in the Straw
Has *Wife*, *Maid*, and *Cousin*, presides o'er the L—w!
Fa la, &c.

XXIII.

XXIII.

A Bluſh-piping hot o'erſpread LONGSHANKS's fair Face,
The firſt Inſtance, 'tis ſaid, there was e'er ſeen of Grace,
" Confound thee, thou Splatter-fac'd *Bandy-leg'd* Puppy,
" Quo' he, in Conceit and in Ignorance happy.
Fa la, &c.

XXIV.

" Doſt thou boaſt *That* for Honour, to Merit ne'er added,
" Rejected by all, thou therefore haſt had it?
" Is to ſit and to hear now and then a Crown Cauſe
" With TERCARI and NEVAB, a Poſt of Applauſe?
Fa la, &c.

XXV.

" If then inconſiſtent it be with the B—ch,
" To indulge a ſoft Hour or two with a Wench,
" Why then doſt admit of ſtale PEGGY in Private?
" Thou wou'dſt name us a Porter! we know what thou'dſt drive at.
Fa la, &c.

XXVI.

Much more had he ſaid, but that CROOK ſeiz'd the Bottle,
And riſing advanc'd, threw it ſtrait at his Noddle;
But he miſs'd of his Aim, and ſhort GUETESFOR hit,
Not *he* who a *Noſe* wants, but he who wants *Wit*.
Fa la, &c.

XXVII.

The Bottle rebounded, and rung loud on his Pate,
Like the Noiſe which an empty-Cask makes, when 'tis beat;
Then, whilſt LONGSHANKS for Combat moſt eagerly burns,
Lo! a Glaſs at his Enemy's Head he returns.

Fa la, &c.

XXVIII.

The Weapon flew miſſive, yet quite erring it miſt,
But met a leſs capable Mark to reſiſt:
Tho' brittle the Weapon, yet th' Object more brittle;
Ah! it broke poor Don TOMMAS's Head not a little.

Fa la, &c.

XXIX.

Then C——rt againſt C——rt drew forth up in Array,
Whilſt neuter the Third ſate, to look at the Fray;
Furious the two angry Chiefs did engage,
And TERCAR with CUETESFOR grappled in Rage.

Fa la, &c.

XXX.

The Battle grew hotter, and the Blows dealt around,
Like Cleavers and Marrow-bones, rung a ſweet Sound;
Repulſive hard Heads broke the Force of the Fiſt,
And ſucceſsful the Bum 'gainſt the Toe did reſiſt.

Fa la, &c.

XXXI.

WILL. CUET'SFOR gave NOLDSREY a Slap in the Chops,
Whilſt under TOM KERPAR the other TOM drops;
At laſt, as bold CROOKSHANKS was aiming a Blow,
Which at once had laid down and demoliſh'd his Foe.
Fa la, &c.

XXXII.

Miſs SOPHY, a Seamſtreſs, ſo lovely and fair,
Inviſible ſteps in to ſhelter her DEAR;
" Muſt thy Vot'ry then fall (cry'd ſhe) oh! my VENUS
" Who ſo often has kneel'd *ad purgandas Arenas?*
Fa la, &c.

XXXIII.

Then the Gypſie ſtoop'd down, and moſt artfully ſpread
Round CROOK's ſtrong Supporters a Skane of ſtrong Thread;
Down tumbl'd the Hero, and meaſur'd along;
Lo! the Battle, quo' LONGSHANKS, is not to the Strong.
Fa la, &c.

XXXIV.

Great TERCAR, like *Ajax* in Wit and in Strength,
Next brings to the Ground poor old CUETESFOR's Length:
What avails 'gainſt ſuch Force all his Learning and Law?
So the generous Deer falls beneath the Bear's Paw.
Fa la, &c.

XXXV.

Whilst the Victor insulted, the Vainquish'd below
Crys, "Boast not a Conquest o'er an half-conquer'd Foe;
"From my Fall thou no Honour or Glory can'st gain,
"I by resolute MERDOR before was half slain.
Fa la, &c.

XXXVI.

Tho' NOLDSREY, th' *Hibernian*, was in Battle unskill'd,
Yet, equal to his Man in the Craft of the Field,
Propos'd from Hostil'tys a friendly Forbearance,
And for Law t' exchange some good *Irish* Assurance.
Fa la, &c,

XXXVII.

But as *witless* so *lawless* was WILL all his Life,
His Merit was merely in *procuring a Wife*;
Match-making his Talent; need I mention Miss B——m;
In all other Affairs a right West-Country Dolt.
Fa la, &c.

XXXVIII.

But although he'd no Law, yet he wanted not Brass,
And produc'd as a Witness his well furnish'd Face;
Yet, as Devil and Collier could ne'r be more like,
A CONVENTION of mutual Friendship they strike.
Fa la, &c.

XXXIX.

Bluff Tom having conquer'd his Name-ſake and Brother,
Rov'd about round the Hall to encounter ſome other;
Full-butt he met Tercar, ſo run Head againſt Head,
Like two rutting Rams for the Yew on the Mead.
Fa la, &c.

XL.

With the Force both, recoiling, gave back and did reel,
Altho' neither the Senſe, it is ſaid, had to feel;
But aſſuredly Kerpar had carry'd the Prize,
Had the B—r—n's old Laundreſs not piſs'd in his Eyes.
Fa la, &c.

XLI.

Heads more equal ne'er met, or better match'd rather;
Oh! how happy the Court when both were together!
Damn the Head that contriv'd to put them aſunder,
On two diff'rent B—ches to puzzle and blunder.
Fa la, &c.

XLII.

Then Nerskin, huge Blund'rer, clenching hard his right Fiſt,
With Stature gigantic boldly enters the Liſt;
" Tho' not one of the Twelve I be, doubtleſs you will ſay,
" Yet like one of another Twelve I can betray.
Fa la, &c.

XLIII.

Whilſt he boiſt'rous ſtood vaunting and made a great Bluſter,
That he was a J——ge too, and Chief down at C——,
As where there's moſt Noiſe, there always leaſt Wool is;
Down drop'd his *Breegs*, as tho' faſten'd to Pulleys.
Fa la, &c.

XLIV.

Lo! at once in a Heap they appear'd at his Heels,
And ſhew'd his Abil'tys beyond thoſe of W——,
Full firm on his Paſterns, and vig'rous in Power,
He brav'd it like *Harry* the eight in the *Tower*.
Fa la, &c.

XLV.

But behold, oh! my Muſe, the ſad Waſte of the Battle,
What ſtrange Diſcords ariſe from mere Tittle Tattle!
Ah! that making a Porter and meddling a Wench
Should thus ſet at *Loggerheads* Beneh againſt B—ch!
Fa la, &c.

XLVI.

Lo! Crookshanks, the Wife, his ſad Fortune bemoan'd,
Sitting ſquat on his Bum, quite unhuckle-bon'd;
Whilſt his well-beat Antagoniſt pours out his Commons,
And wails in *a Voice like a Cat's or old Woman's*.
Fa la, &c.

XLVII.

Here Fragments of Shirts and Remainders of Bands
Shew'd the terrible Havock of terrible Hands;
There Rags of old Gowns ſpread defac'd o'er the Ground,
And rev'rend broad Beavers, all trampled, were found.
Fa la, &c.

XLVIII.

Long full-bottom'd Per'wigs lay proſtrate and tumbl'd,
And *Coifs* all in Tatters together were jumbl'd:
Sad Spoils of brave Hero's, in a Battle ſo rude!
Which ended however, thank God, without Blood.
11 7 49 *Fa la*, &c.

F I N I S.

XLVII.

Here Fragments of Shirts and Remainders of Bands
Shew'd the terrible Havock of terrible Hands;
There Rags of old Gowns spread defac'd o'er the Ground,
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XLVIII.

Long full-bottom'd Per'wigs lay profirate and tumbl'd,
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